

# The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY W. W. & W. R. BRADLEY.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1906.

ESTABLISHED 1844

## Great Stock Reduction Sale.

FROM NOW UNTIL JANUARY 1ST.

We will Inaugurate a Sale that Should Crowd this Store in a Hurry With Every one Who Wants Dry Goods, Shoes or Millinery.

It is Absolutely Necessary that we Reduce our Enormous Stock High Class Fall and Winter Goods, and to do so at Once we Have Decided to sell the Goods.

It is not a Question of Cost or Profit, it is Simply a Case of Reduction, of Unloading, of Converting Goods into Cash.

**YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO STAY AWAY.**

It Matters not What You Need in Dry Goods, Shoes and Millinery, only Come and Share in the Distribution of these Bargains. Only Come and See What this Sale Means to You and Your Neighbors  
Many useful Christmas Gifts at Bargain Prices.

# Wilson, Henry & Company.

## For Sale.

**My House and Lot on Magazine Hill.**

5 room dwelling and out buildings. So located as to permit sale of 3 building lots if desired.

J. H. DuPre.

Few of those who see this Advertisement may see Yellow-stone Park, the PLACE, but you may see it if you smoke our famous Yellow-stone Park Cigars. They are the kind which satisfy the desire for a good smoke.

**McMURRAY DRUG CO.**

**HAVE YOU LEARNED TO BUY THE BEST? IT PAYS.**

The school of experience will teach you, as it has taught us, that the best goods are the cheapest.

Our store house is new,  
Our goods are new,  
Our reputation is well known,  
Our motto is "THE BEST."

Delicious Fruits,

Fancy Groceries

To fit the taste of an epicure. Confections of all kinds.

Buggies and Wagons

Of the best makes at prices that will interest you.

**A. M. HILL & SONS.**

Phones 36 and 126. Main and Trinity Streets.

### MAKE POSTOFFICE PRIVATE CONCERN.

Chicago Man Submits the Remarkable Proposal to Take Entire Postal Service Out of the Government's Hands.

Washington Times.

To turn over the postal service of the United States to a private corporation under strict public control is the remarkable proposal made to the Postal Commission today.

W. D. Boyce, of Chicago, publisher, man of big affairs and several times a millionaire, made the proposition, on behalf of himself and associates, whom he did not name, to take over the postoffice business and run it on business principles.

The proposal includes agreement immediately to cut postage rates in half. There could be no deficit under such an arrangement for the government to meet, because the corporation would have to make ends meet.

Mr. Boyce wants the postal corporation under a postal commission which shall be the regulating and supervising agency of the government.

He proposes to pay Uncle Sam rental for all postoffice quarters occupied by public buildings, and over against this he designs to charge the government regular rates for all services performed for it. These government services he now estimates at \$25,000,000 annually. At half the present rates this would be cut to \$12,500,000.

Applying business methods to postoffice affairs would result in immense economies in transportation. Mr. Boyce figures that the expenditure for railroad haulage would be cut from \$50,000,000 to about one-half that sum.

CUT OUT ALL SINECURES.

He calculates likewise that ornamental or political sinecures would be eliminated. The "political postmaster" would get short shrift, and the deputy who does the work would be the responsible man.

Mr. Boyce's proposition, he insists, is made in the utmost good faith. Certain it is that it affords a most effective talking point from which to point out the weakness of present postal management. Direct comparison of the present postoffice organization with methods commonly prevailing in private business and in great public service corporations is considered by the publishers the most effective method of demonstrating the unreason of restrictions which the department is disposed to impose upon them.

Mr. Boyce's proposition may have its "hole in the skimmer," but its author doesn't think so. He says good management will make the business pay at half present rates.

"All I want is to get myself and my proposition taken seriously," he declared. "After that it will be easy for the public wants lower post rates. I am not a man to be making a bluff at a thing like this; I have too many interests that could be seriously injured by such a course. The backing is ready to form a corporation and take over the postal service on the terms I have outlined.

TO HAVE RURAL POSTAL EXPRESS.

"Of course, we would propose to develop the business, as any private business management would do. For instance, we have a plan of rural postal express, by which rural carriers would receive and deliver goods on their routes, carrying the packages outside the mail. This would not extend off the given route. It would make every country store a mail-order house, and would bring an immense measure of support to the plan from the very people who are afraid of the parcels post, lest it should kill the country merchant."

"But doesn't your plan include any recognition of the parcels post, or some provision for it?"

"No, that's too unpopular," replied Mr. Boyce. "Maybe it will come some day, but we don't want to assume responsibility for it now. If Congress ever wanted it, to introduce it under our system would be simple."

"And you haven't figured on the possibility of the postal savings bank attachment to the service?"

"No, that hasn't been taken up. The service can be developed and expanded in its functions just as fast as Congress wants, under our system as well as under any other. We would want to make it earn more revenues; we would make the rural delivery a money-earning end of the service, in-

stead of an expense as now, and we would take mail to every house in the land.

"You know that the Postoffice Department doesn't own postoffice buildings, do you not? Those are built by the Treasury Department and owned by it. The immense cost of rental of space in them for postal purposes is not charged to the postal revenues. Well, we propose to pay rental. We propose regulations that will develop the business; that's how we will make the profit. Reducing the postal rates will expand the business just as it did the last time those rates were reduced, in 1885.

"The traffic features of this plan have been figured out by a competent man; the position of president, or general manager, or whatever the executive may be in the Postal Corporation, has been offered to one of the great traffic experts of the country at \$30,000 a year. Why, my first idea of formulating such a plan as this came from a railroad president seven years ago, when he declared, talking of hauling the mails, that he would rather never do a dollar's business for the government, if he could avoid it; it was so much less satisfactory than doing business for a private concern."

Mr. Boyce was pressed to indicate who are the men backing his enterprise, but he would not do so.

BIG MEN BACKING PROPOSITION.

"As the postal business is all a cash-in-advance operation," he said, "we have calculated that \$50,000,000 capital would be enough. Among the men associated with me in one big advertiser, a publisher, a merchant prince, a list who has immense divergent interests. I don't want to set it till they know what chance of the government interest in the proposed government will indicate attitude toward us, as to consider our scheme forward and let every man be plenty of it."

Mr. Boyce's basic second class mail made to build up a and revenue from it. He has studied and range of advertising ing out the number of writers in response. The advertising, car second class rates, can be written; and the business thus started profitable. It is his of publishers general tions of the adverti second class publicat and highly importan ing the volume of handled. On this p lem Mr. Boyce is an argument is most eff

The proposal with the Postal Commission today follows:

I am authorized b ties to make a pre eliminate the defici age on letters, and matter of second cl one-half cent a pou

The statement h made by some pers the postal service, ment was run as a there would be no d Nine different P have occupied the twenty years. N could successfully many changes.

We have made sufficient investigation to convince ourselves of feasibility and financial success, and have been advised that there is no constitutional inhibition.

A careful comparison of rates of postage now charged on first and second class matter with the rates herein proposed will demonstrate that it means an average saving for the next twenty years to the government and public, of \$100,000,000 annually.

We propose to perform all services now rendered by the Postoffice Department and carry out all treaty stipulations and to take the entire receipts arising from the postal service as full compensation, and pay all salaries and expenses.

SCALE OF CHEAPER RATES.

We propose, first, the reduction by one-half of postage on first and second class matter, or one cent, per ounce or fraction thereof on first class, and one-half cent per pound on second class

matter except county free for weeklies as heretofore.

Second, the wiping out of the deficit. Third, we will pay the United States all net profits over 7 per cent interest on capital invested.

We call attention to the following statistics. The revenue, expenditures, and deficit of the Postoffice Department from the beginning of the fiscal year July 1, 1885, to the close of the fiscal year 1895, a period of twenty years, were as follows:

Revenue	\$61,223,056.30
Expenditures	642,422,015.63

During this period, first class mail was charged for at 3 cents for one-half ounce or fraction thereof, and second class at 2 cents per pound (a greater rate than 2 cents per pound having been charged during a part of such period on second class matter).

The revenue, expenditures, and deficit of the Postoffice Department from the beginning of the fiscal year July 1, 1895, to the close of the fiscal year 1905, a period of twenty years, were as follows:

Revenue	\$1,743,027,626.79
Expenditures	1,884,157,838.68
Deficit	141,130,211.89

The rate of postage collected by the government from July 1, 1885, to June 30, 1905, on first class matter was two cents per ounce or fraction thereof, and on second class matter one cent per ounce or fraction thereof.

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### EAST END.

What "M" Sees and Hears on His Rounds in Country and in Town.

A merry Xmas to one and all, yes to every one, and more especially the children. We are now in the midst of the holidays when everybody is in a merry mood, all work is laid aside and everybody is looking for a big time and we hope they will find it, while we the R. F. D. Boys are going on our rounds, noting the mail of the Xmas liner we miss, so we carry a merry Xmas to our patrons.

The senior editor has returned from his rounds and the readers of the Press and Banner expect something new from his ready pen. The college girls and boys are coming in to gadden and make happy and bright the social and home circle.

Their friends greet them and wish for their very happy Christmas.

Congress has adjourned for Christmas, and will resume their arduous duties on the 3rd of January 1907.

Hon. and Mrs. Wyatt Aiken are in the city where they will spend the holiday with their folks and friends.

The Oyster supper given last week at the Lebanon School was a delightful affair, which everybody had a splendid time. The home was prettily decorated and the music and recitations were not the least of its charming features of the evening.

The recitation of Miss Katherine Whitely, the accomplished and popular teacher, was beautifully rendered and called forth a hearty applause of all present.

On Monday evening the Lebanon School enjoyed a Christmas tree at the school house and the little folks had a charming and delightful time as well as the patrons. The tree was bright and interesting entertainment. Miss Whitely has added much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the young folks in the Lebanon school.

Prof. S. W. Rabb principal of Sharon school is spending Christmas with friends in D. D. West.

Abbeville's graded school closed last Friday for the holidays and both teachers and scholars are enjoying the beautiful Xmas.

We, and all the patrons congratulate the editors of the Press and Banner for their energetic and enterprising management. The paper in which their time honored and new paper came out last week. If the Press and Banner of 40 years ago could be perused, it is 1906 and seen the up-to-date paper in Christmas attire, it would have exclaimed "see what a world of change!" and so it is. The Press and Banner is up-to-date and keeps pace with the rapid transit move of all things in town.

In all the gaities and pleasures of a festive season, let the poor be remembered. A natural dwelling of Mr. Alex Graves near the Seaboard Shops came near being destroyed by fire about 25 damages was the result.

The fire was accidental and discovered 1 time to save the dwelling. The property was insured and all damages will be paid.

The R. F. D. Boys will be off on the first day of January next when they will take the Christmas.

Our merchants had a busy time last week dealing out Santa Claus as our stores were thronged with buyers all the week and especially the few days preceding Xmas.

The Postoffice is now among the busy places in the city. Postmaster, clerks and carriers have their hands full, (and bugles too).

REMENT. Unsuance of the ill service as the service; the com; the rental of ce; the money D. department; the extension of free delivery.

and other details not herein set forth having been taken into consideration in making this proposition, is a matter of agreement and legislation, and we are satisfied can all be disposed of to the satisfaction of the government and all parties concerned.

I respectfully ask that this commission embody this proposition in its report to Congress.

W. D. Boyce, Chicago, Ill.

**KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS**  
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**  
FOR CONSUMPTION, Price 50c & \$1.00  
CROUPS and Free Trial.  
OLD  
SUREST and Quickest Cure for ALL  
TUBERCULOSIS and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

Nearest kind of fine China, Cut Glass and Dinner ware at Dargan's.  
Enough goods at 10c each at Dargan's to fill the standpipe nearly.  
Enterprise Stoves are certainly selling at Dargan's—there is a reason for this—best stoves in town.  
Dargan is showing a particularly fine line of books. In the lot are a number of Burnt Leather. These would make nice presents.

We are prepared to fit the children in school or dress shoes. Send them down. Abbeville Shoe Co. Zeigler Bros. fine Shoes for Xmas. with Dry Goods Co.

### GEMS IN VERSE.

The Little Streets.  
"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Dennis.  
"I will be and by my birthday."  
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie.  
"In a minute," says little Beth.  
Oh, dear little people, remember  
That, true as the stars in the sky,  
The little streets of Tomorrow,  
Pretty soon and by-and-by  
Lead, one and all,  
As straight, they say,  
As the King's highway,  
To the city of Not at All!  
—Annie H. Donnell in Youth's Companion.

If I were you.  
If I were you, I'd see my path of duty  
So plain that I could see it  
And walk upon it, without swerve or falter  
From life's beginning straightway to its end  
I'd be so strong, so faithful and so true,  
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd live upon a pittance  
And save up money for a rainy day  
And never buy a pretty gown or jewel  
Or take a bit of pleasure by the way.  
And then I'd be so choicest, never blue,  
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and friends that knew you best  
Would hurt and wound, advice unasked would  
I'd still forbear and cherish all their virtues  
And ever wish them in contentment  
I'd be so faithful, constant through and through,  
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and found some gentle woman  
Who gave you sweetest, trust and sympathy,  
I would not turn to them for consolation.  
But seek along the barren friendship tree,  
For try to find a broader material view  
Ah, no; I would not—not if I were you.

And if a man should help you with his things  
To strange purpose or to buyer dead or blind  
I'd do without his presence and his love,  
Lest all the gossip tongues should  
I would, if I were you.

And if a man should help you with his things  
To strange purpose or to buyer dead or blind  
I'd do without his presence and his love,  
Lest all the gossip tongues should  
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd stay in old locations  
And be contented all the way along.  
No matter what the stress and strain of life  
Temptations, trials, sorrows, loss among  
All this and more I'd do,  
I would, if I were you.

But for myself, as I am (just a woman,  
I'll take what help and gladness I can find,  
Nor make a pledge to absolute perfection,  
And all my way to hard herculean  
Consistent to the end, with kindly as I can,  
While here I dwell I have no hope of heaven,  
And so, withal, as last I may not rue,  
Not doing as—I would if I were you.  
—Annie Olcott Conant.

Child and Mother.  
O mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I'll lead you away to a beautiful land,  
The dreamland that's waiting on yonder!  
Content to be the sweetest girl in the world,  
Where moonlight and stars and dew-dreaming  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the  
air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little brutes or bumps to annoy,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I'll rock you away on the silver sea  
stream  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's so soft and so often,  
And the wide awake state shall slip away  
A song which my dreaming shall soothe.  
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear  
hand,  
And away through the starlight we'll wander  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,  
The dreamland that's waiting on yonder!  
—Eugene Field.

The Mirror.  
My mirror tells me that my face is fair,  
And can I doubt that that tells me true?  
My mirror says that I have golden hair,  
And cheeks like the wild rose and eyes of blue.  
I say, "I do!" indeed these charms possess,  
O trusty glass!" My mirror answers "Yes."  
When lovers' tales this heart all free from care  
Have startled with flattery's glowing glare,  
Unto my mirror do I straight resort,  
And cry: "O mirror, is this all deceit?  
Say, do I merit praise and fond caresses?  
Then doth my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray, for well I know  
That when life's aches have left their mark  
I must one day unto my mirror go  
And say, "Oh, tell me, mirror, is it true  
That every day my youthful charms grow  
less?"

Then must my trusty mirror answer "Yes."  
And, oh, I trust that in that later day,  
The time of silvered hair and fading night,  
When I take my looking glass shall say,  
"O mirror, with my beauty's waning light  
Doth honor also fall and virtue go?"  
Then may mine truthful mirror answer "No."  
—Margaret F. Mauro in McClure's Magazine.

Each In His Own Name.  
A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a shell,  
A jellyfish and a aurian  
And caves where the cave men dwell  
Then a sense of awe and beauty  
And a face turned from the old—  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky;  
The ripple, rich tints of the cornfields  
And the wild goose sailing high,  
And all over upward and onward  
The charm of the goldenrod—  
Some of us call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like the tides on a crescent seaboard  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come waving and surging in,  
Come from the mystic ocean  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her bread,  
Scourges drinking the hemlock  
And Jesus on the road,  
The million who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway tread—  
Some call it consecration,  
And others call it God.

—W. E. Carruth in Christian Register.

You've talk of martial heroes till th' best of  
Gabriel's horn  
An declaim about your statesmen till you're  
hoarse,  
But they ain't th' biggest heroes that work th'  
world was born.  
For compared with heroes that live th'  
mighty course,  
Th' real heroes wear no tokens but th' blisters  
on their hearts,  
They're th' tollers that abound in every clime,  
They're th' very bone and sinew of all times as  
o' all lan's.  
They're th' men who keep a-bustling all th'  
time.  
—Omaha World-Herald.

God's glory lies not out of reach,  
The moss we crush beneath our feet,  
The pebbles on the wet seabeach,  
Have solemn meanings, strange and sweet.  
—Owen Meredith.